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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Captain J. Wood, R.C.D.
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Capt. M. H. A. Drury.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Lieut. C. C. Mann.

Advertising:

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells

Sub-Staff

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, R.S.M. H. E. Karcher, R.C.D.

Old Comrades Representative: Major E. A. Hetherington

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EDITORIAL



This our first Summer issue is now here. The weather has been hot with lots of wet and humidity here in St. Johns, Summer Camps are in full swing and every one is busy so nothing remains for me to do but put down here the prayer so fervently offered by a very well known Canadian. "Lord let me keep a straight way in the path of honor—and a straight face in the presence of Asses. Let me not trouble the high nor bulldoze the low: Let me frolic with the Jack and the Joker and win

the game. Lead me into truth and beauty and—tell me her name. Keep me sane, but not too sane. Let me not take the world or myself too seriously and grant me more people to laugh with, and fewer to laugh at. Let me condemn no man because of his grammar, and no woman on account of her morals, neither being responsible for either. Preserve my sense of humor and of values and proportions. Let me be helpful while I live, but not live too long. Which is about all today. Lord Amen."

Personal & Regimental

Upon the occasion of the birthday of His Majesty, King George V (Colonel-in-Chief, Royal Canadian Dragoons) the following cable was despatched:—

To the Private Secretary, to His Majesty The King, Buckingham Palace, London, England.

2nd June, 1930.

(a) "The Royal Canadian Dragoons send hearty congratulations and many happy returns of the day to their "Colonel-in-Chief" His Majesty King George."

(b) The following Cable has this date been received:—

To officer Commanding, Royal Canadian Dragoons, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario (Via Imperial Government, Buckingham Palace.)

"I am much pleased to receive your local message on my birthday and I sincerely thank all ranks.

GEORGE R.I.

(Regt'l. Order No. 18 date 4th June 1930.)

The officers of the Garrison along with their wives entertained at the tea hour after the sports on Saturday June 14th in the Officer's Mess, among those who were present were the following: Brig-General W. B. M. King, C.

M.G., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. T. J. F. Murphy, D.S.O. and Mrs. Murphy, Lt.-Col. J. S. N. Prower, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. J. K. Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Williams, Lt.-Col. Muirhead, O.B.E. and Mrs. Muirhead, Major Trudeau, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mrs. Ken. Perry, Major Baty, Major and Mrs. Cock, Capt. and Mrs. Berteau, Capt. and Mrs. Wood, Capt. S. C. Bate, Lt. Gillespie, Miss Wurtell, and many others from St. Johns. Mrs. Cock, Mrs. Berteau, Mrs. Wood and Miss Wurtell officiated at the tea table which presented a pretty picture decorated with candles and seasonable flowers.

During the recent Montreal Horse Show, held at the Montreal Hunt Club, we offer our congratulations to Capt. S. C. Bate on his winning the following events.

1st in the Jumping Stakes on "Golden Melody" after a jump off with Miss Ruth Cowans on "Chancellor."

1st in the Novice Hunters on "Gigolo" and 3rd, on "Golden Melody."

1st in the Open Jumping on "Golden Melody"

3rd Pair Jumping.

A surprise visit was paid "The Goat" office by Tpr. Goodings

who is now doing very well in civilian life, he is now residing at 4610 Marcell Ave., N.D.G. Montreal and, would very much like to get in touch with any old Comrade.

TORONTO NOTES

May 17—"B" Squadron supplied a Captain's Escort for His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Willington on the opening day of the races at Woodbine Park, Toronto.

The escort was under command of Major W. Baty with Lieut. C. C. Mann as junior officer. The escort was well turned out and were highly complimented by all. These compliments are very gratifying, especially when they are given by persons who know really what an Escort is.

May 18th—The Toronto Garrison held its Annual Church Parade on Sunday afternoon. Assembling at the Armouries University Ave., they moved off at 2.15 p.m. with the D.O.C., M.D. No. 2 and Staff leading, followed by the various units according to seniority of their branch of the service, etc. The parade moved East on Queen St. to Mutual St., to the Arena Gardens where the service was held.

A Guard of Honour to the Governor General was supplied by the Toronto Scottish (75th Bn. C. E.F.) and presented a fine appearance.

A body of United States National Guard Officers from Cleveland Ohio, also attended the service and review.

Col. the Rev. Canon Cody assisted by all Padres of the various units conducted the service.

The Governor General took the salute after the service in front of the Military Institute on University Ave. It was estimated that about 5400 troops were on parade, beside a great number of Cadet Corps and the Veterans of various units.

The Permanent Force units included: H.Q. and 'B' Sqn. R.C.D.,

'B' Co'y. R.C.R., R.C.E., R.C.C.S., R.C.A.S.J.C., R.C.O.C., and the R.C.A.F., Camp Borden.

The Highland Light Infantry of Galt also visited Toronto and joined in the parade. 'B' Sqn. supplied two senior Sergeants in review order as markers at the Saluting Base and six other ranks in review order for various duties.

"B" SQUADRON'S MARCH

May 27th—

Advance party under the command of Capt. T. A. James, proceeded to Niagara-on-the-Lake Camp. A great number of changes was noticed when the Toronto Station arrived.

May 29th—

"B" Squadron left Stanley Barracks at 8 a.m. under the command of Major E. L. Caldwell to proceed by road to Camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Major D. A. Grant, Capt. M. H. A. Drury, Capt. L. W. Hammond, and Lieut. C. C. Mann, were the officers in the mounted party. "Port Credit" was reached by 11 a.m. and the Squadron halted for lunch, and feeding and water of horses. Left "Port Credit" at 12.30 p.m. arriving at the Farm of Mr. Hugh Wilson at 3 p.m. near "Oakville." Extra Blankets, Horse Rugs, Piqueting gear, and Rations were carried in a Leyland Truck, together with the Cooks and the S.Q.M.S. Rations for the next day were delivered late in the evening by the R.C.A. S.C. a motor Ambulance followed the Squadron throughout. The ride to "Oakville" was done in good time, horses in good shape, and the Weather being particularly fine, and cool, ideal travelling weather. The night was extremely cold for all ranks.

May 30th—

Left "Oakville" at 7 a.m. and proceeded via "Burlington". Burlington Beach to south end of beach on the Lake and halted for lunch as on the preceding day. Left at 12.30 p.m. and proceeded via Winona Grimsby to Beamsville where the Squadron arrived



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at 3.30 p.m. Bivouaced in the Exhibition Grounds. Again fine for riding cool and clear, distance over 40 miles.

May 31st—

Left "Beamsville" 7 a.m. and proceeded to St. Catherines to Homer where horses were watered a second time while enroute. Luncheons also partaken of at this time. halted 1 hour. Left "Homer" at 12.30 p.m. and arrived at Camp at 2.30 p.m. Had only one Casualty enroute. Tpr. Knigfit having to ride in the ambulance, suffering from Boils, with the exception of him all Officer's and other ranks and horses arrived in the best of health and all seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed the trip by road. The dismounted party together with the remounts left by the Canadian S.S. Lines and reached Camp by boat. The usual procedure of pitching the Camp and other duties that require attention on the arrival in any Camp were carried out until the mounted party joined them.

The following article concerning the "Mad Major" will certainly be of interest to the members of the R.C.D., who served with the unit in the Summer of 1915 when they were holding the line in the Messines Sector and billeted behind Neuve Eglise in the Aldershot huts. At that time to my recollection he was supposed to have commanded a 47 Battery near Aldershot Huts and to spot his own battery shots. It was an inspiring sight on a lovely Summers evening with a beautiful sunset, to see this lone monoplane stunting in the sky, as stunting in those days was called a very foolish proposition.

The Gallant Mad Major.

(Founded on certain facts)

By "Hook, Line and Sinker"

Popular war-books, by the lesser historians, owe something of their popularity to a reference to at least one escapade of the idol of the "Atkins" family, for few were the troops that served on the Western Front, who had not heard of or seen, at least in the Heavens, at some time or other, "The Mad

Major", as this indomitable flying artillery officer was styled.

The whole Canadian Division (afterwards 1st Canadian Division), I think it is quite safe to state, came to learn of the wonderful "doings" of this wealthy gentlemen quite early in 1915, in the neighbourhood of Armentieres. (I refer to the said officer's opulence, as the average pay of rank alone of a British Major would scarcely allow sufficient margin for the purchase of an aeroplane; especially in those days when such machines were at a premium and the instrument plan not in vogue, at least for such articles.)

Perhaps it will be as well to premise that this Major—no names, no pack-drill—was an aggressive artilleryman commanding a battery of 18 pdrs., who, possessing a private 'bus, preferred to select some of his own targets and "observe" for himself.

How he came to get the machinery. Some advanced the theory ne to France remained a myste—that the men of his battery each packed a portion in their kit-bags on proceeding overseas. Others claimed that the major was not seen for a whole day and night after taking up his battery positions and registering, thus inferring, or at least leaving it open to conjecture, that he had skipped across the Channel and piloted the 'plane over personally; his chauffeur it may be presumed having had it turned up in readiness. Then again, where he kept it was also a query to the infantry for he would always drop from the skies and land near his battery, and such a steed could hardly be packed in an ordinary 'tamboo. Suffice it then to say, he always went up, and landed, not very far in rear of the front line.

Shortly after he had taken-off the first time that I saw him, we heard "Here he comes!" "There he goes!" and "Did you see him went?" as one chap put it. He was flying solo, and so low that his machine-gun was clearly visible with the naked eye. "Have you ever seen him scrap?" I asked one of the King's Liverpool's who were instructing us as to how to keep our "nappers" down, as we of the "ith" battalion were in the near-front-line for initiation. "I'll tell the world" the Tommy replied kept long in having his fighting ability proved to our own

satisfaction. "Look! he's signaling" I excitedly exclaimed, noticing little white puffs, apparently dropped from his 'plane. "Garn! them's 'Ah-chie's' lad" came from the northeountryman, as, completing a series of loops, the major made a higher altitude, the white puffs following in his train.

"There've got him!" gasped my sharp-eyed observer, as I too now noticed the Major's sudden downward flight. Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!— Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom, went a salvo to the Boche front line. Whether or not with orders, his gunners, who evidently had seen his plight, quickly retaliated, shooting off their daily ration prior to the customary response to Fritz's evening strafe. Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat! "Every little bit helps, as the older lady said at the sea-side" said I, thinking that one of our Colts had started to kick up a "shindy" as an added reprisal from Canada, Rat-a-tat tat! this time overhead—"Look! the Major's in a 'Spiral'" came from, no-one-looked-to-see-whom, for from out the blue and to the rear of our line, pouncing on his prey, came a lone Fritz, increasing his bursts of fire to a prolonged br-r-r-r as he emptied his belt into the fast, dropping Britisher who was now in a straight 'noser'. Then, successful in his decoying tactics, the Major flattened out, swooped up in a semi-loop, climbed above his adversary, who had been taken completely by surprise, banked and entirely reversed the situation, the pursuer becoming the pursued. With throttle wide open, the Boche endeavour to climb for more air, preparatory to his race for home, but came in line for a stream of lead as the redoubtable Major commenced to warm his gun. Highly exalted at this turn of events, "Ross's" were turned skyward as we waited the brief moment that would see the Hun a dead-sure target. Alas! his machine must have been made of armour plate, for our "possibles" took no effect and as far as we could see he was still going strong, hotly pursued by the Maj. This incident, common enough as we were later to learn, formed the subject of our first letters home (other than the billet-doux already mailed) and incidentally much scratching with the indelible by the regimental censor.

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The Huns, realizing their rifle-fire was ineffective, fixed bayonets in an attempt at least to puncture the ball if they couldn't the player. Still the Major kept on, first catching with his right hand and then the left, our troops' shouts of "off side" having no effect. Then something happened—the ball failed to rise—and, with silent engine the Major glided to earth right there in No-Man's-Land.

With the alacrity that only such a situation could demand, our boys manned the fire-step and kept up a steady fire along the opposite parapet to keep Fritz at bay till assistance could be sent to the Major. Then another thing happened resulting in nothing less than a miracle—the crowning event which lived for years in my memory. The Boche artillery, which had remained silent thus far, opened concentrated fire in a "box" barrage, placing a wall of fire about the plane, more effective than that solid structure in Threadneedle Street in Blighty. Not a man could penetrate it and alas! in this instance, not a soul could live in it. Our hearts sank within us; this then was the finale.

After what seemed an interminable bombardment, but actually about twenty minutes duration the Boche heavies slackened but the smoke and dust prevented us from seeing the charred and tangled mass that it must hide. Then the third episode took place—The Mad Major, begrimed and beridged, shot up in the air like a helicopter, waving the punctured ball in one hand and holding the tail of his plane in position with the other. Such was the man who during the War earned the esteem of friend and foe alike.

...

In 1919 rumour had it that one of the airmen in the trans-Atlantic flight, then under way, was none other than the former Mad Major. This was as soon discountenanced on the ground that any risky venture he undertook be performed alone.

Then came the disappointing revelation in a prominent flying journal which I will quote in full: "Astonishing stories about the R.F.C. were current among gunners and infantry, chief among which was the celebrated myth of the "Mad Major." This officer appeared early in 1915, flew stead-

ily on every part of the front, performing continued deeds of gallantry, and was still going strong when last heard of in October, 1918. He was popularly supposed to be a flying gunner, who brought his own machine out with his battery, and every Hun shot down near the line, and every stunt over the front line trenches was allotted to the credit of the intrepid "Major". Needless to say, no such person existed, though doubtless his exploits will live for ever and once gained half a column in a great daily paper."

One's feelings, in having this "Idol of the Air" snatched from us in such a cold-blooded manner, are indescribable. It has, however, settled the oft raised question relative to the rank of the "supposed" (now deposed) gentleman; explaining only too fully, why, with such a long and splendid record in France, he always remained a MAJOR.

**Annual
Garrison Sports.**

Under most exceptionally good weather conditions, our Annual Sports took place on Saturday, June 14th 1930. As the hour of 9 a.m. approached the opening event, 100 dash, started things going. The whole of the forenoon was devoted to dismounted events, and the afternoon was given over to the mounted events, both dismounted and mounted events were the cause of keen competition, and afforded the visitors with a very entertaining day. The result of the morning's efforts are as follows:

100 Yards—1st Boy Jewkes, 2nd Pte. Williams, the R.C.R.; 3rd Pte. Wilkinson R.C.R.

Three Legged Race—1st Wilkinson, Cpl. Lafond, the R.C.R.; 2nd Washington, R.C.D., Pts. Chapman, R.C.R.; 3rd Sephton, Tpr. Wish.

Broad Jump—1st Wilkinson, R.C.R. 17'8"; 2nd D'Orsonnens, 17'3". 3rd Quartley 16'10".

Boat Race—The R.C.R.; 2nd Troop R.C.D.

200 Yards—1st Boy Jewkes, R.C.D.; 2nd Pte. Wilkinson, R.C.R.; 3rd Pte. Williams, R.C.R.

Boat Race—1st Tpr. D'Orsonnens R.C.D.; 2nd Tpr. Wish, R.C.D.; 3rd Tpr. Sephton, R.C.D.

Tug-of-War—1st, 1st Troop, 2nd The R.C.R.

Sack Race—1st Tpr. McLaren, R.C.D.; 2nd Tpr. Carter, R.C.D.; 3rd Tpr. Sephton, R.C.D.

Relay Race—1st Tprs. Wish, Sephton, D'Orsonnens, Lawrence; 2nd Tprs. O'Neil, Lachance, Carter, Morgan.

High Jump—1st Tpr. Washington, R.C.D.; 2nd Tpr. Carpenter R.C.D.; 3rd L/Cpl. Ross, R.C.D.

Puttin the Shot—1st Tpr. Doherty, R.C.D.; 2nd Cpl. Lafond, R.C.R.; 3rd L/Cpl. Ross, R.C.D.

Mile Race—1st Boy Jewkes, R.C.D.; 2nd Cpl. Lafond, R.C.R.; 3rd Tpr. Morgan, R.C.D.

Children's Race (under 10 years)
1st Irene Baker; 2nd W. Raner;
3rd Geraldine Berteau.

Mounted Events

V.C. Race—1st Tpr. Wish, R.C.D.; 2nd Cpl. Jennings, R.C.D.; 3rd L/Cpl. Ross, R.C.D.

Jumping—1st Tpr. Morgan on (Bachelor's Gold); 2nd Tpr. Morgan, on (Golden Melody); 3rd S.S.M. Tamlyn, (Golden Gleam)

Sgts. Jumping—Sgt. Harris.
Cpls. and Troopers Jumping—L/Cpl. Quartley, 1st; 2nd L/Cpl. Munroe; 3rd L/Cpl. Jennings.

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Pair Jumping—1st Quartley and McLaren; 2nd L/Cpl. Munroe and L/Cpl. Jennings.

Tent Pegging—1st 2nd Troop; 2nd 1st Troop; 3rd 3rd Troop.

Wrestling on Horseback — 1st Troop.

Musical Chairs—1st Tpr. Lemtorp; 2nd Tpr. D'Orsennens; 3rd Tpr. Dunk.

Section Wrestling Final—1st 2nd Troop; 2nd 1st Troop.

After the close of what was declared to be a most successful day in Sport, and amusement, Brig. Gen. W. B. M. King, C.M.G., D.S.O., commanding M.D. No 4 presented the cups to the winners as follows: The Timmis Challenge Cup 1st Troop; LeBlanc Challenge Cup L/Cpl. Quartley; Allen Case Cup for Sgts. Sgt. Harris; Allen Case Cup for Corporals L/Cpl. Quartley.

Special mention may be made of Boy Jewkes, who put up a splendid performance thereby winning the LeBlanc Challenge Cup for dismounted events.

Officials

Committee—Captain A. Nicholls, M.C., the R.C.R.; Lieut. W. E. Gillespie, R.C.D.; Corporal L. Lafond, the R.C.R.; L/Cpl. J. Jennings, R.C.D.; L/Cpl. J. M. Ross, R.C.D.; L/Cpl. W. A. Gill, R.C.D.

Referee—Major W. Baty, R.C.D.

Judges—Dismounted—Major H. T. Cook, M.C., the R.C.R.; Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., the R.C.R.; Lieutenant W. E. Gillespie, R.C.D.

Judges—Mounted—Major W. Baty, R.C.D.; Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.; Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.; Capt. S. C. Bate, R.C.D.

Ringmaster—Q.M.S.I. F. Wardell, D.C.M., R.C.D.

Announcer—C.S.M., J. Bazley, The R.C.R.

Clerks of Course—S.S.M. W. G. Tamlyn, R.C.D.; Sergt. Campbell, R.C.D.; Sergt. H. Johns, the R.C.R.; Q.M. Sergeant W. Capelle, R.C.A.M.C.

Recorders—Q.M.S. W. T. C. Ellis, R.C.D.; S. Sergeant W. C. Hare, R.C.D.; Q.M. Sergt. Sarrazin, the R.C.R.

Official in Charge of Paddock—Sergt. F. W. Harding, R.C.D.

Reception Committee—Captain S. C. Bate, R.C.D.; Captain. J. Wood, R.C.D.; Q.M.S.F. C. Hill, R.C.D.; S/Sgt. J. Reid, R.C.A.M. C. C.S.M. J. Bazley, the R.C.R.

AMY JOHNSON'S FLIGHT

Although she did not achieve her main object, which was to establish a record for a solo flight from England to Australia, Miss Amy Johnson, the 23-year old English girl who flew alone from London to Port Darwin in nineteen days, has certainly established a right to the acclaim of all who admire courage, resource, and endurance. These qualities she must have possessed in abundance to enable her to tackle such a nerve-racking feat.

The message of congratulation from His Majesty the King and from Premier MacDonald will find an echo in the minds of all who love true sportsmanship.

When Miss Johnson found that she could under no circumstances break the record, due to delay caused by engine trouble, she might well have abandoned her flight there and then. She had done more than enough to prove her sporting instinct. But she elected to complete the flight, and today she enjoys the unique distinction of having at least one great feat to her credit—the longest flight ever made by any woman since flying began. There was nothing for her to gain, financially but there was something to be done in the world of achievement, and she did it, without boasting and without seeking any aid from others.

That is the true spirit of British sport—the spirit that has animated the race ever since the first adventurers put forth in their tiny barks to brave the terrors of unknown seas. So long as it endures the race will hold its own with the world.

The horse will drink himself to death

When he is dry and hot;
The mule, that beast of little faith,
Untamed of man, will not.

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Horse Sense

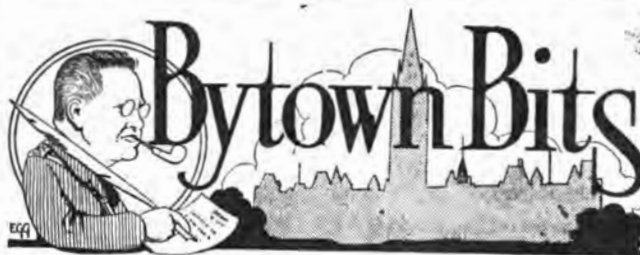
Louisville Times: The true value of horse sense is clearly shown by the fact that the horse was shying at the automobile during the period in which the pedestrian laughed at it.

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R.C.M.P. Perform:—Before their departure for England to take part in the Olympia show the detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police gave a demonstration at Ottawa in the presence of the Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, Major-General A. G. L. MacNaughton, Chief of Staff, Colonel Courtland Starnes, Commissioner of Police and a large number of invited guests. The police under command of Inspector Thomas Dann went through musical ride and gave afterwards several gymnastic stunts, including trick riding and jumping. The band of the Governor General's Foot Guards supplied the incidental music.

Gets Promotion.—The promotion of Captain G. H. A. Collins, for the last ten years Quartermaster of the Princess Louise Dragoon

Guards to the rank of Major has been announced. Major Collins has served 34 years in the regiment and went from it to South Africa with the Royal Canadian Dragoons and was present in the action when Major General Sir Ernest Turner, Major H. Z. Cockburn and Maj. E. J. Holland, won their Victoria Crosses. He served through all ranks of the P.L.D.G., and when the war broke out in 1914 was Regimental Sergt.-Major. He served throughout the Great War as quartermaster sergeant at headquarters of the Second Canadian Division. Upon his return to Canada he was given the appointment of Quartermaster in his old unit which he still holds. Major Collins has also found time for civic affairs and for the last three years has been Mayor of Eastview, a flourishing commercial suburb of the Capital. Of his

four sons, one is in the R.C.A.F., and another in the P.L.D.G.

Fourth Hussars Reorganize:—A reconstruction of the Fourth Hussars has resulted in the retirement of Major A. C. Casselman second in command. His post has been filled by the transfer of Maj. E. A. Devitt from the staff of the 2nd Mounted Brigade. Major Devitt served his time in the P.L.D.G., and went to the Brigade last year as Staff Captain, previous to that he was Adjutant of the Dragoons for a number of years later commanding A Squadron. He served during the late war with the Signals. The transfer has also been made of Lieut. S. C. McLennan from the Dragoons to the Hussars. The present commanding officer of the Hussars, Lieut. Colonel C. B. Handcock M.C., in under a severe handicap, having been moved from Prescott to London, Ont., by the Bell Telephone Company, of which corporation he is a plant manager.

Cadet Inspections:—The Lasalle Academy and Collegiate Institute cadets were recently inspected by Brig.-General A. H. Bell, Adjutant General.

New Unit Formed:—The formation has been authorized of a Casualty Clearing Station for M.D. No. 3, and the command has been given to Major W. A. Burgess, V.D., C.A.M.C., the Medical Officer of the G.G.F.G. Major Burgess has also been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He has had service with the C.A.M.C. since 1904 having enlisted in the ranks in that year. He served as a M.O. over four years with the C.E.F., in England and France.

Parliament Prorogues:—Shorn of the customary glitter and glare parliament completed its work on the evening of the 30th May round 11 o'clock. Owing to the uncertainty of the hour all arrangements for escorts, guards of honor and salute were cancelled and the Governor General drove to the Senate where the usual detail of aides, and Officers Commanding units of the garrison awaited him.

Parliament has also dissolved and the members are now busy in their respective ridings trying to convince the fickle electorate that they are the fit and proper ones

to be returned for another stretch. Some will fall by the wayside and some will return, but the game will go on just the same either under the present leadership or that of another.

Guards Dinner:—The Officers of the Governor General's Foot Guards held an enjoyable dinner party at the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 7th instant. All members of the mess were present and the guests included officers from headquarters and Kingston. Lieut. Col. James Foy, V.D., was in the chair.

Church Parade:—The annual church parade of the units of the Ottawa garrison was held on Sunday June 8th, when the sailors and soldiers of the capital attended Divine Service at the Exhibition grounds. Over 1000 troops were on parade which was under command of Colonel R. M. Courtney, V.D., commanding the 2nd Mounted Brigade. Following the service the troops marched past the saluting base, the salute being taken by Brig. Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O. Adjutant General who was attended by Brig. W. B. Anderson, D.S.O. commanding M. D. No. 3.

P.L.D.G. Changes:—Recent changes in the P.L.D.G. have resulted in the transfer of Regt. Sergt. Major C. R. Leo W.O., to the 2nd Mounted Brigade as Brigade Sergeant Major vice Sergt. Major W. Dosey who retires. Billy has had a good many years service in the P.L.D.G. joining up in 1903 and of course is known to all old R.C.D.'s. Sqn. Sergt. Major A. Gibbard has been promoted R.S.M., of the Drags and Sergt. H. E. Dennison has been promoted Sqn. Sergt. Major of A Sqn. to fill the vacancy.

Harry Visited Ottawa:—A welcome visitor at Ottawa over the week end of the 7th-9th was R.S. M., Harry Karcher, R.C.D.

REGIMENTAL PHOTOGRAPH

Of a decided interest to many of our present serving members, as well as a great many of our Old Comrades, are two photographs that have recently come into the possession of "The Goat" office. The larger photograph

Letter to the Editor.

960 Cornell Rd.
Pasadena, Calif. U.S.A.

Dear Editor:

In sending my cheque to cover my subscription to "The Goat" for another year, may I congratulate you and the Asst. Editors for your very snappy Regimental paper. As one of the old boys who served with the Regiment in France, it serves to bring back many happy and pleasant memories and the names of old friends came back to me as I read the account of the Old Comrades meeting in Toronto.

As the years roll by we prize these memories the more and incidents pass before us as if in panorama that were indelibly impressed on our mind in the days of "Mud and Mirth." We prize the personal incidents such as that which occurred on Pond Farm (Salisbury Plain) one very wet night in November 1914 when "Tom Duff" was dragged by the heels from under a stack of Forage by the orderly officer of the day inspecting the Piquet, his excuse was "Sorr the wind it blew so hard, it absolutely blew my hat under the hay, and just as you came around sorr I was looking for it. As poor old Tom's hair was full of hay there was no gain saying the fact an the office passed in highly delighted. I am indebted to Comrade Coke late "B" Squadron whom I met at the meeting of the Canadian Legion in Los Angeles for the first four numbers of 'The Goat' for 1930 he being the first member of the R.C.D.'s I have met here. In conclusion will you pass on my kindest regards to those of the old 3rd Troop, who may still be in har-

shows the Regiment mounted, and was taken at "Beez" near Nurmur Belgium in 1919, just prior to handing over the horses to the Belgian Government. The second photograph was taken near Liege and shows the N.C.O.'s who were then in the Regiment, and Major Grant, M.C., as Adjutant, these photographs are moderately priced, the former at \$2.00, mounted, the latter at \$1.50. Orders for these photographs can be placed through "The Goat" office.

ness, also to Joe Cairns and the Sgts. Mess.

I am, sincerely yours,
Chas. L. Wilkins,
late Cpl. 3rd Troop,
"A" Squadron, R.C.D.

Obituary.

COL. D. S. INGLIS DIES IN 49TH YEAR

Military Honors Paid at Funeral

Military honors were accorded Lieut.-Col. D. S. Inglis, V.D., whose military career with the non-permanent active militia ended with his death last month after a sudden illness. He was in his 49th year.

The funeral service held at the First Presbyterian Church to the Mount Royal Cemetery The 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars provide the firing party.

Lieut.-Col. Inglis was born in Montreal, the son of the late R. J. Inglis head of the long-established tailoring firm bearing that name. After education at public (schools and the Montreal High school), he entered his father's business.

Commanded Unit

He served first as a trooper in the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars when the latter were formed in 1898. Service in this and other units before, during and after the war, was followed with steady advancement in rank until finally Lieut.-Col. Inglis became officer commanding his original unit, the 17th Duke of York's Hussars.

Before his retirement, he was awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces medal and decoration. He was a member of the United Service Club, the Thistle Curling Club and the Senneville Golf and Country Club.

Col. Inglis is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Muriel Alma Date; his mother, Mrs. R. D. Inglis, of Montreal, William S. and Lockhart J. Inglis, of Winnipeg.

Lady went to a drug Store to purchase medicine, while there the clerk asked her if she had tried this medicine to promote children's growth. She took a bottle and came back the next day to enquire whether she or her husband should take it.

PRINCE IMPERIAL'S DEATH DESCRIBED

Letter Written by Captain Carey 51 Years Ago Now Published

London—It will be fifty-one years ago on June 1 since the Prince Imperial, only son of the ex-Emperor Napoleon III, was killed by Cetewayo's Zulu in an ambush in Natal, fifty or sixty miles from Ladysmith.

Today, for the first time, it was revealed a letter written at midnight by Captain Carey, who was with the Prince Imperial. Carey escaped the Zulu assegais, galloped away, reached camp, and reported to General Lord Chelmsford, "The prince has been killed." Chelmsford: "What, sir—and you live!"

Captain Carey was tried by court-martial, and was sentenced to lose his commission, with a recommendation to mercy. The Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-chief in England, allowed Carey to remain in the Army, and he died on service at Bombay.

Carey's conduct was for long a subject of bitter controversy, and his memory is now reviled by the

Comtesse des Garets, who was a maid of honor to the late Empress Eugenie, Napoleon III's widow, in a book, "The Tragic Empress," translated by Helen Gracine, and published by Skeffington's (21's.)

The countess discloses that Carey's wife sent the Empress Eugenie three letters which he wrote home immediately before and after the Prince Imperial's death. The letters were not published, but the countess took copies of them. She thinks she is justified now in publishing them, and describes the one written immediately after the tragedy as "the conscience-stricken cry of the man in the throes of his cowardice, the confession of his shame."

"I Am Ruined."

In his letter to his wife, written at midnight from Itelezi Ridge Camp, June 1, 1879, Carey says:

You know the dreadful news, ere you receive this, by telegram.

I am a ruined man I fear, though from my letter, which will be in the papers, you will see I could not do anything else.

Still, the loss of a prince is a fearful thing. To me the whole

thing is a dream. It is but eight hours ago since it happened. Poor fellow! But it might have been my fate. The bullets tore around us, and with only my revolver what could I do?

No doubt they will say I should have remained by him, but I had no idea he was wounded, and thought he was after me. My horse was nearly done, but carried me beautifully.

My own darling, I prayed as I rode away that I should not be hit, and my prayer was heard. Annie what will you think of me? I was such a fool to stop in that camp; I feel it now, though at the time I did not see it.....

I feel a broken-down man. Never can I forget this night's adventure! What will the Empress say?

Oh, Annie! How near I have been to death. I have looked it in the face and have been spared!

TO THOSE THAT ARE INTERESTED

The militia authorities have sanctioned the re-organization of the 6th Duke of Connaught Royal

Canadian Hussars with Lieut. Col. Thos Therrien, Apt. 23 Hampton Court, 1461 Mountain St. Montreal, in command Major C. W. Hewson, Lacolle, Que., second in command of the regiment.

The counties for recruiting this regiment are Huntingdon, St. Johns and part of Missisquoi.

As they require Officers, N.C.O. (Non Commissioned) and men, any of the patriotic men of these counties wishing to be connected with this regiment please communicate with the above mentioned officers or Major W. S. Cookman, Henrysburg, Que. This unit will be used for the defence of the Dominion of Canada only.

YOUR MORNING SMILE

A number of soldiers were practicing oral messages along the line. The leader, who was a stern man, sent along the following message: "Send reinforcements; we are going to advance." But the young private who was at the end of the line was astonished to hear. "Send three and fourpence we are going to dance."

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Memories of An Ex-Dragon.

By J. F. Cavanaugh

To the globe trotter whose pursuits are those of the monotonous civilian world the commotion, briefly touched upon the concluding paragraph of my May installment and consequent upon the skill and daring of Corporal (Bill) Male, whose unerring aim sent a virgin spigot crashing to its place in the oaken head of a "quarter" Dow's "Standard of Strength and Quality," would have provoked a general scramble for exits and safety at the first rock the furious blow had caused to the coach; to the experienced ear of a Dragoon, however, twas as strains of the mellowest of enchanting music.

For it was that outstanding gesture, ladies and gentlemen, though somewhat belated due to what seemed endless hours scientific mass-observation of, and impatiently awaiting a break in, our beloved Colonel's camel-like endurance to resist the precious brew that was reposing in yonder gally straining at the staves holding it albit in leash, that proved to be the orchestral composition that set in motion our informal luncheon in honor of the General Lessard.

And though temperate to a degree, let it in justice be said of him that he never once during the remainder of our journey to Montreal passed out the "tract of good counsel" to one of we nitwits whose besetting characteristic was to match capacity against capacity and endurance against endurance in quaffing Marathons to the everlasting praise of philanthropic brewmaster and charitable periors.

There was a sort of a post-luncheon program of song and story that lasted till the train pulled into the great metropolis and came to a stop in the trainshed at Windsor Station. And, for the purpose of conserving space at the disposal of our able Editor, I'll skip lightly over the artistic work of the silvery-voiced Till and others and mention only that fine old yarn of the Colonel's—from his storehouse of hunting reminiscence of the marshlands of his native province during his early days with his beloved regiment, when he brought the blush of

"shame" to the face of a certain Non-Commissioned "Nimrod" who, as a guide, tactfully maneuvered him and his blooded spaniel within range of a mallard feeding ground and then letting blaze both barrels into a flock of wooden decoy ducks.

And thus at our destination, as now recalled,—which is a feat in itself, the Ride, whilst the C. O. was taken in hand by some gentlemen of a local cavalry unit, proceeded to Mile End—the lonely outpost spoken of in a previous installment—where, as per schedule, we found George Lamothie and "Ungry" Hopkins standing guard over a bucket of milk—the gift, so they claimed, of a kindly resident of the district. Someone'd remembered the two fellows, however, and the "trumpeter food" was promptly donated to a marveling switchman who happened draw nigh for a bit, on his way home to his little brood in the neighborhood.

Horses were soon unloaded, and with 'Ungry and George again restored to normal Dragons, we mounted and, led by the Regimental, swung into the Exhibition Grounds at eleven o'clock.

With horses cared for and a picket posted over the lines, the remainder of the outfit, including the S.M., began our ten-day stay in the box-stall barracks. But scarcely had we gotten into bed, though, than from somewhere from without came a blood-curdling cry unlike anything we'd ever heard in pious old Stanley Barracks. But instead of the beastly thing being the Dragoon-eating creature that we feared had escaped the nearby side show, and was prowling the lines forage-bent, it happily—or was it unhappily?—turned out to be nothing more harmful than a homesick old jakass broadcasting his verbal lamentations at the remoteness of the spawning grounds of his former master's spacious stock farm at Sherbrooke.

And, I am sure, there are still some of that old time crowd of R.C.D.'s who will readily recall both the braying donkey and his vanguardious owner, known to us only as "Baptiste." Then there was the jack's half section—a very lean bay, whom some of the boys for want of a better name dubbed "Boney." And it was with this world-famous horse-ass team, hitched to a rickety old two-wheeled

contraption the French call a "banneau," that the genial Baptiste picked up dimes and quarters from amongst the various exhibitors and show folk.

But the kindly fellow had an additional "racket" he worked during the rush hours, for he was an expect toy baloon racketeer of the first water. And thus his sing-song of "A-baloon, a-baloon, a-baloon," could be heard here, there and everywhere during such times; hence Baptiste, like the other traffickers and traders of the community, as a result of the Ride's phenomenal power to attract multitude to the "shearing rack," waxed rich and prosperous the fleece and acquire wealth. Yet, unlike many who "garner over night, he never failed to share the daily "squareface" of finest French gin with his "Dragoon boys," as he was wont to call us.

A dash of donkey business.

As stated, Baptiste's old jack, for obvious reasons, stuck about our lines throughout most of his spare moments, and his sundry antics, as may be supposed, were the subject of much speculation by all ranks. And thus it happened, as the lesser lights of the Ride stood about the lines rifling on steelwork for the afternoon ride, that the Regimental, desiring to take a bit of a lift out of the genial Baptiste, suggested an explanation of the crummy lout's continual uninvited presence about the stables also a "how come" concerning the fellow's ear-splitting vocalizings. To which Baptiste spake:

"You see," brokenly interpreted our champion, whose "Tranquille, Jack, tranquille!" would rent the air whenever and wherever the colt's 'Hee Haw' disturbed his masters piety, "I'm buy dis chap from Jew las' spring, an' shee's not talk ver good French yet. An' I'm tank fer sure shee's try say doze 'Ah dare!' like dem 'Moreyal shiek, when dey go prospee' far lil madameesselle on Midway. But I 'tank Jack shee's not ver beeg coquette lak dat," vainly boasted our friend, as he served himself out with another ample ration from his thick black plug of Maedonald's.

"Yes, yes; go on," urged the S.M.

"An, hy golly, dis chap shee's

got fine pedigree, too. Yah, hee's wan good breed—win what doze judge, at Sherbrook fair, call dem Grand Prix," he went on, shifting the great cub back to the port bunkers.

"But about the matter of his loitering about these lines, Baptiste," prodded Dingley, reining himself back out of range of an anticipated barrage from Baptiste's forward turret.

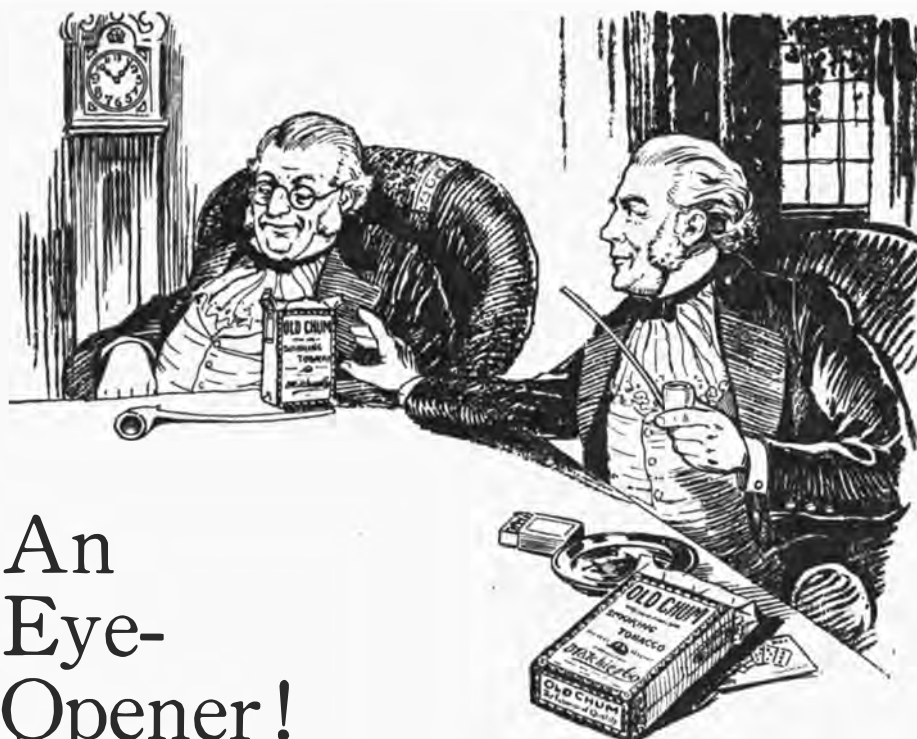
"Wal," began, heaving another broadside to the spot just evacuated by his host, "I'm tank Jack shee's feel ver bad fer sure; an' hee's not lak be civvy some more since 'Dragoon boys shee's come Moreyal."

"And thus tired of, if indeed not fed up with, civilian life, if my interpretation of your suggestion is correct, he's sticking around on the theory that there's always room, on the Squadron's establishment, for one more jackass," remarked the Regimental, dryly, as he knocked the ash from his pipe and strode away in the direction of the Administration offices for the morning's conference with the Colonel.

Just then one of the bolder of the outfit, whose "prospecting" on the Midway had rewarded him naught but a "panning" from a couple of indignant comrades, sought out Baptiste for a definition of the oft-repeated phrase "Tranquille!" used in the effort to silence the old Jack.

Swift to take advantage of the gullible, Baptiste, suspecting his inquisitor of being one of the dupes at whom the all-wise Sergeant-Major's parting pellet had been directed, and, therefore, desiring to supplement that stinging sarcasm with a little from his own seemingly exhaustless store of the galling stuff, grinningly replied: "Shee's what you call doze 'Louder!'"

Being one of the all-English-speaking brethren of the little outfit set thus helplessly adrift in the French-speaking metropolis and thereby unable to grasp the drift of the old buzzard's joke, and supposing the fellow's hearing to have been impaired by the donkey's ear-splitting brays, pitched his voice a couple of octaves higher, and repeated the dignity-wounding question. But poor Baptiste, his tough old hide still bristling with the barbs of the Regimental's withering rebuke to jack-



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assdom, merely switched to his dear native tongue,—and to the utter enjoyment of the two scions of the houses of Lamothe and Leblond, mumbled thusly: "Parlez plus haut." Which, according to George and Tom, means "Speak louder."

In my next installment, which will conclude this story of the doings of the 97' Musical Ride at Montreal, I'll endeavor to present for your approval the story of the cowardly pilfering of the bran mash.

Sergt. Murphy Makes Clean-up at Horse Show.

Army Steed Has Three Wins in as Many Tries at Eglinton—Slight Accidents

Troop-horse Number 58A, in the temporary horse lines of the Royal Canadian Dragoons at the Eglinton Hunt Club, pushed his muzzle deep into his regulation feed-bag and enjoyed to the full extent his regulation issue of oats.

Outside in adjacent stables, luxuriously appointed, were hundreds of other steeds, hunters, hackneys, saddle horses and carriage horses, the majority of whom were valued by their owners at thousands of dollar each.

Were enjoying repasts

Watchful stablemen and managers hovered nearby as their silky coated charges ate.

No. 58A, as he appeared in the line, looked a very, very ordinary horse. He didn't even seem to come up to the standard of the cavalry remount.

Straight-legged, with shrunken flanks, which caused his hip bones to protrude, he looked just what he was by breeding, a farmer's hack. Two little patches of white hair, one on each shoulder, proclaimed that his dam must have been forced to do ordinary harness work on the farm. Essentially, from outward appearance, troop horse 58A appeared a nobody in the horse world.

He had one very apparent good point—he looked sensible. And his two blue eyes were set far apart—a feature in horses that proclaims brains and intelligence.

Sergeant Murphy, for four years the most consistent member

of the Canadian Army International Horse Team at New York Boston, Chicago and all Canadian shows, has been an army horse since 1924. The opening of the thirtieth annual Toronto Horse Show, troop horse 58A, alias Sergeant Murphy twice stepped out of the cavalry line into the ring, the first time against 80 of the finest hunters on the continent, for the F.P. O'Connor Challenge cup and the second time against 40 horses of the same class. And twice he bore out of the ring the coveted blue ribbon.

Scores Again

The most exciting and arduous class of the day was the \$1,000 touch and out stake. Over 40 agile hunters tried the course, but only one, Sergeant Murphy, superbly ridden by his original trainer, Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D. went over the eight jumps without one tick marked against him.

SERG. GREEN WINS JUMP

Many Spills, Quick Recoveries by Cavalry at Toronto Horse Show.

The 30th annual Toronto Horse Show took place at the Eglinton Hunt Club. Unfortunately His Excellency Lord Willington was not able to attend.

All classes of citizens were on hand to pay homage to the friend of man, the horse. The most exciting event was class No. 58 for publicly owned mounts ridden by N.C.O.'s. and troopers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Spills galore and many quick recoveries were in evidence as the cavalry-men faced the hurdles.

The third fall of the show took place when Bellona, ridden by Trooper C. H. Barker, crashed on the rail jump. Fortunately, neither rider nor mount were injured.

So close was the performance of three of the entrants that two jump-offs were necessary to decide the issue.

A deep-chested bay, Boyer, ridden by Sergeant F. H. Green, finally rode out with the blue ribbon. Sergeant Green also carried off second honors with Buella.

Trooper E. W. Douglas, on Beaueairn, won the yellow ribbon, and Baroness, ridden by Sergt. G. D. Simpson, came fourth.

Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve

Truncheon not to be carried

An event full of interest to all members of the above strong, but surprisingly little, known body of men, took place on Sunday April 27th 1930, at the Drill Hall of the famous London Scottish at Buckingham Gate.

This was the Inter-Divisional Drill Competition for the "Barclay Walker" Challenge Cup.

Squads consisted of 24 special Constables, none over the rank of Sergeant, in charge of an officer, (Sub-Inspector or Inspector) who gave the words of command.

Dress-Uniform without great coats, Armlets were worn, and whistles and Warrent cards were carried.

The Cup is held by the winning Division for one year gold medals are given to the winning team, and silver medals are given to the second team. The Cup and medals were presented by H.R.H. the Duke of York at the annual inspection, where His Royal Highness took the salute in Hyde Park on Sunday June 1st 1930.

It is of interest to any Old Soldier to note that the Competition is divided according to schedule into 14 distinct formations and condi-

tions, for each of which a maximum number of marks was laid down. This ensured a uniform system of judging each team. The judges were Lt.-Col. A. F. A. N. Thome, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, Major the Hon. W. Fraser, D.S.O. M.C. 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, Captain R. B. R. Colvin of the same regiment, and Superintendent G. Abbiss, M. B. E. of the Metropolitan Police.

With such eminent gentlemen as their distinguished Guardes, and an officer of long and practical experience in the training of the finest Police Force in the world, to decide their form, it will be seen that a very high standard indeed is expected of the competing teams.

So it proved, for never have I seen men, drawn, it must be remembered from all classes of civilian life, and who are perhaps not in uniform six times a year, handled more smartly, and moving with such precision and steadiness as did the winners "5" Division, "N" and "Z" Divisions too put up a splendid show, but they need never be ashamed of taking 2nd, and 3rd place respectively to the winners who were truly in all respects, up to Royal Tournament form.

Colonel Thome said:—"It has

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been extraordinarily difficult for the Judges to differentiate between the Divisions. The margin was very small, and it was only by punishing the teams for the smallest faults that they have been able to separate them.

Very high praise indeed from a Guards Colonel, and that it was sincere no one can doubt who watched the competition and noted the keen interest with which the Judges watched each entry, nor did this interest flag as the afternoon wore on, and team after team kept arriving in the Arena.

It was amusing to watch the various idiosyncrasies of the officers in charge of each team. One could at most tell by his manner where each man in charge had put in his service career. There the unmistakable long drawn out word of command of the six foot Guards succeeded perhaps by the snappier crisp tone of the old Rifleman. I venture the opinion that the officer who led the winners to victory was a graduate of the ordinary line regiment, and he is to be congratulated upon his wonderfully smooth, yet effective word of command, just as his men are to be for their steady and level working.

No hurry and no suspicion of aloofness. Dressing correct without crowding,—and entire absence of concern or nervousness, and withal real smart work entirely vindicated the judges finding.

A great show. I wonder whether there are any Special Constabulary in the big Canadian Cities, I am sure that were the present distinguished Chief of Toronto, (General Draper) and some of his brethren in Montreal, Hamilton, Ottawa, Vancouver, Etc, etc., to see our London Specials at their best, they would realise as we do the

enormous value of such a force—to re-inforce to the tune of 20,000 the 19,000 splendid men who at present constitute the Metropolitan Police.

F. J. DEE.

MILITARY TOURNAMENT

A number of our well wishers in St. Johns, here journeyed down to Montreal to witness the above Tournament and all came back feeling justly proud of the splendid performances of "A" Squadron's brilliant execution of their Musical Ride, and the Royal Canadian Regiment for the exhibition of precision drill with the rifle and bayonet.

On the whole it was a good show when it is remembered that the majority of the participants were "non-permanent," or amateur militia and one should not expect from them the perfection of the old regular army. The best exhibition from a drill point of view was given by the Royal Canadian Regiment even if they did include a few swanky little things not to be found in the Red Book. The Gentlemen Cadets of Kingston also put on two excellent shows exhibiting their prowess as gymnasts and, again, in their drill which was only marred after a remarkably fine feu de joi, by a couple of odd shots which has been left unfired and went off at the wrong time.

All ranks, officers, N.C.O.'s and men deserve to be heartily congratulated. We understand that all units leave in the near future to assist in handling the traffic which will result from the reception of the giant British dirigable #100, when it reaches this country to be moored at the Air Port at St. Hubert, near Montreal.

A WARTIME TALE

From Sergt Tilney.—In 1915 I was in a working party sent up from the Regiment to the "Wipers" salient. One night, about eleven o'clock, a Section of R.G.A. pulled into our farm two six-inch guns. The following conversation then ensued.

Officer: "Sergt. Jones, I'll have one gun here and one gun there, and the ammunition just there, and the cordite over there. The telephones behind here"—etc., etc.

Cockney Gunner (to his mate):

"Come on, Joe; get a spade, and we'll dig up the blinking field, and he can throw back what he don't want."

Congratulations.

The following congratulatory messages were received by "A" Sqn., R.C.D. on the completion of their work at the Naval and Military Tournament, Montreal:—

Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and The Viscountess Willingdon have graciously expressed to the District Officer Commanding, M.D. 4, their high appreciation of the manner in which all ranks of the Garrison co-operated in making the recent Naval and Military Tournament the wonderful success it proved to be.

Their Excellencies desire to convey to all who took part in the Tournament their sincere congratulations.

The Chief of the General Staff has written as follows to the District Officer Commanding:

"I wish to offer my sincerest congratulations to you on the outstanding success which you, and the Officers associated with you, have made of this undertaking, and to assure you that it is a source of great satisfaction to all of us who are associated with the Militia, to see what results have been achieved by the several Units in Montreal working in co-operation."

In conveying the above congratulatory messages to the troops under his command the District Officer Commanding wishes to thank all Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who took part in the Tournament for the splendid manner in which they performed the duties assigned to them. The Tournament was an unqualified success and the Military prestige of the District has been enhanced thereby.

NOTES FROM THE SENIOR OFFICER'S SCHOOL, SHEERNESS, ENGLAND

Lecture by Maj. Minster on Infantry

1—**Historical**—The name Infantry is derived from the name 'Infanta' borne by a Spanish lady, who liked to have men about her. Some authorities, however, allege that it is a corruption of the phrase "In front 'Hurry'" this derivation was much supported during the war.

2—**Reason for Infantry**—Owing to financial stringency, no modern Army can be composed entirely of the Arms of Decision, e.g. Cavalry Artillery, Tanks, R.A.O.C. or Judge Advocates. All Armies, therefore, contain a proportion of Infantry.

3—**Composition**—Infantry is composed of men who:—

- Have not enough money to join the Cavalry.
- Cannot understand the Artillery Code.
- Are not eccentric enough to make good Sappers.
- Do not like the Tank's Corps Bount.
- Want to fight.

4—**Principal governing the Employment of Infantry**—Co-operation is the foundation of success in War. Infantry must be used in conjunction with the other Arms. Therefore remember these vital principles:—

- Cavalry.** The Cavalryman, and still more his horse, are precious. They must be spared all undue fatigue.
- Artillery.** The Gunner has very heavy and responsible duties. He must be kept fresh. Do not expect him to sleep in his Gun-position. He must have proper rest.
- Engineers.** Are highly skilled technically and are too valuable to have their effi-



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ciency impaired by over-work. See that they are comfortable.

(d) Tanks. Are most tiring for their crews. Conserve and give them ample time to recuperate.

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(e) **Ordnance Corps.** The work of the R.A.O.C. is so arduous, that it can only be performed in comfortable offices. (Warm in Winter, Cool in Summer) Its personnel is most sensitive and works best in an atmosphere of tranquility and sympathy. See that they get it.

5—Main Functions of Infantry—

It follows from a consideration of these principals, that the main duties of the Infantryman are to ensure at all times, the undisturbed rest of the more important arms. This he does by marching all day, and occupying Outposts all night.

6—Subsidiary Functions—

(a) One of the chief of these will be to allow themselves to be ridden over by Cavalry, either our own, or the enemy's.

(b) As the hostile Army contain Infantry, it is probable that some opportunity for fighting between Infantry may occur. This, however, will rarely be decisive without the intervention of Cavalry, whose leaders are trained to take decisions beyond the comprehension of Infantry Officers.

7—Conclusion.—As Senior Officers, you may have, in future to be with Infantry, as well as the more cultured and interesting people. In any case you will often want working parties. Therefore students should study the habits of the Infantry, and read about them for themselves.

MASSINGERS MESSAGE TO SON

If e'er my son follow the War, tell him it is a school where all the principles tending to honour are taught if truly followed, but for such as repair thither as a place in which they do presume they may with license practice their lusts and vices, they shall never merit the noble name of Soldiers. To dare boldly in a fair cause for the Country's safety. To run upon the Cannon's mouth undaunted. To obey their leaders and to shun Mutinies. To bear with patience Winters cold and Summer's scorching heat and not to faint with hunger when plenty of provisions fail us, are the es-

sential parts which make up a Soldier, not swearing, vice, or drinking.

WHAT OUR AMERICAN COUN- SINS THINK OF CANADA'S RETIRING DIPLOMAT

Minister Massey Going

If Mr. Massey had not as Canada's first Minister in Washington represented her with such distinguished success, he would, doubtless, not have been so soon transferred to what a loyal Britisher must consider an even higher post. His going will be felt as a loss not only by Washington, where he and Mrs. Massey have been most popular, but also by the country at large; for no one among all the members of the diplomatic corps has been more sought for and honored by cities, Universities and learned societies as a speaker on high occasions. It has been said of him as Chaucer wrote of the clerk of Oxenford in Canterbury Tales:

Of sturdy took he most care and most heed.

Naught of word spoke he more than was need,

And that was said in form and reverence,

And short and quick and full of high sentence.

Mr. Massey has recommended himself to us not alone by his speech of "high sentence," from ancient sources, enriched by the adventurous and commodious colloquialisms of the lands that are still new. He has shown practical sense in dealing with the complexities of border relations in commerce and politics. It has been remarked of a cultivated Englishman that he is either an Aristotelian or a platonist. Mr. Massey is both in the sense that he is an Aristotelian realist, as shown by his business and war record, and a platonistic idealist, as evidenced by what he has done for art in varied forms. With it all he knows how to guide men's minds to action, which Plato called "rhetoric."

An English poet of the same surname, Gerald Massey, wrote seventy-five years and more ago of England, the "old nursing mother" of colonies that have become as nations:

Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet

Thro' her mists to the sun and the sea.

Minister Massey in going as High Commissioner back to the motherland that had a part in his own intellectual nourishing will carry, along with the homage of his own country, the asset of goodwill which in his own person he has won for Canada and Britain while Minister in the United States. He has established a precedent which will make easier the work of his successors, though his varied talents will make it difficult to find a successor so well qualified. He is uniquely fitted to represent at the capital of Great Britain that portion of its vast empire which has no border defenses between it and its nearest neighbor. While deeply regretting Mr. Massey's leaving America, we can but be glad that we are to have such an understanding friend abroad.

HISTORIC INSTITUTION CE- LEBRATES 75TH ANNIV- SARY.

Governor-General Lays Corner- stone of New Wing

The pages of history were turned back June 10th, when at the former residence of the Governor-General of Canada, now the Villa Maria Convent, the 75th anniversary of the convent was celebrated. The occasion was honored by the presence of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon, and the corner stone of the new wing to be erected was laid by His Excellency.

The Union Jack flying from the flag pole, the presence of our military in brilliant uniforms and the martial strains of band music were suggestive of times past when "Monklands" was the official residence of the governors, while the throng of visitors and of young girls in the uniform of the school were significant of the present occupation of the building. Past and present met also in the return of hundreds of members of the alumnae to assist in the celebration.

The following is a list of N.C.O.'s and men, under the command of Capt. S. C. Bate, who formed the travelling Escort to His Excellency the Governor General for the

occasion. Sgt. Harding, Cpls. Desnoyers, Wheeler, L/Cpls., Russel, Ross, Quartley, Trps. Carpenter, Jessamine, Lawrence Omelusk, Roy, Wish, Washington.

CAMP DETAILS OF 25 YEARS AGO

With the change of time it will be of interest to many of us to note the Camp Details as published 25 years ago, and to note the difference in rank that several Officers had, to our present day designation.

Camp Niagara:

Colonel F. L. Lessard, C.B., Commanding 7th Cavalry Brigade.

Captain C. M. Nellis, Brigade Major.

Major Hall, Principal Veterinary Officer.

Lt. Douglas Young, District Signal Officer.

Barrie:—

Major V. A. S. Williams, Chief Staff Officer, 2nd Cavalry Brigade.

Lieut. J. H. Elmsley, Brigade Major.

La Prairie:—

Major C. T. VanStraubenzie,

This year 1930 the Camp in Eastern Canada and the Instructors that are detailed for duty with them are as follows.—

Date	Place	Units	Instructors
16/6 to 28/6.	St. Johns, P.Q.	Cavalry Camp School	Q.M.S.I. F. Wardell, D.C.M. Sgt. W. H. Campbell L/Cpl. W. A. Gill.
16/6 to 27/6.	St. Johns, P.Q.	17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars 6th Duke of Connaught Royal Canadian Hussars.	S.M.I. J. Brown L/Cpl. C. Quartley for instruction.
24/6 to 5/7.	Ayer Cliffe	Eastern Townships Mounted Rifles	Sgt. R. Harris.
24/6 to 5/7.	Valcartier	7th Hussars 11th Hussars	Capt. S. C. Bate Sgt. Ins. Laerte. L/Cpl. J. Ross.
20/6 to 4/7.	Sussex, N.B.	New Brunswick Dragoons 8th Princess Louise's New Brunswick Hussars	S.M.I. J. M. Hallett Sgt. R. J. Hider
28/6 to 10/7.	Charlottetown, P.E.I.	Prince Edward Island Light Horse	Capt. J. Wood Sgt. F. W. Harding
28/6 to 10/7.	Aldershot, N.S.	King's Canadian Hussars	Q.M.S.I. F. C. Cox.

Brigade Major, 3rd Cavalry Brigade.

Camps were held at London, Ont., 1st Hussars.

Niagara:—R.C.D., G.G.B.G., 2nd Dragoons, 9th T. L. Horse, now Missisoga Horse.

Barrie:—3rd Dragoons, 4th Hussars.

Rockliffe:—5th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

LaPrairie:—6th-7th-11th Hussars and 13th Scottish Light Dragoons.

Aldershot:—14th Hussars now King's Canadian Hussars.
Charlottetown, P.E.I. Light Horse.

It would be interesting to know who the N.C.O. Instructors were that year 1905, "The Goat" is not in possession of this information, but would welcome any news regarding them.

The Editor of "The Goat"
Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed one dollar to ensure me receiving the monthly copy of "The Goat" which I thoroughly enjoy reading and look forward to its coming.

Wishing you every success in the future.

I remain,

Fred G. Cole.

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A Royal Escort.

By "Gess-Hoo."

Coincident with the Annual Feats of Spring Training, come rumours of a Royal Escort for the opening of the Woodbine Race Meeting. The Woodbine Race track, since it boasts of a Royal Box, needs to be opened by Royalty.

As early as March, young soldiers become exalted with visions of Brass helmets and highly polished jack boots grazing their figures.

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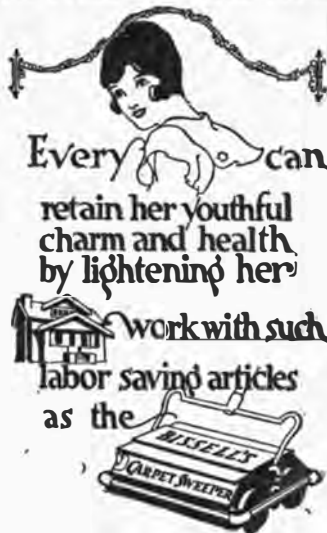
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and believe me, some of them are figures. Many anxious mothers are informed that their son will be assisting to escort Their Excellencies when they proceed to the race track, and many young ladies are told to watch for the "guy who waves his sword, as that will be me."

From March to April ensues a period fraught with anxiety that you may be passed over, and not put on the Escort, on account of only having a 22 chest, or having one leg longer than the other, and then some time in April, a list is published of those who are "granted the privilege of being on the Escort which results in many brave men and true threatening to buy out on account of being left off it, and many more men equally brave and just as genuine, heave a sigh of relief which causes a heavy depression to hang over the Lower Lakes District for some days, when they find that they are not on it. One bright lad, with tears in his eyes, and a lump in his throat that certainly was not there when he joined up, complains to his beloved S.M. that "I should be on the escort, as So and So is, and he joined up several hours after I did. "The S.M. informs him that if he put on a blankety blank Review Order, people would be wondering what kept the uniform on the horse, and the bright lad walks away muttering something about, "Older soldiers don't get anywhere."

However, ere long something like a body of Dragoons is got together and then ensues the usual cross talk between the Quarter-bloke and the young soldier applying for his reds and whites. "Please Sir I want a red tunic, etc." Alright young fellow, come with me and I will, devote the whole afternoon and part of Wednesday afternoon and night if necessary in an effort to find some clothes that will fit you." The result of the day and a half's "effort," is truly remarkable, as the young soldier is finally equipped with an outfit that fits where it touches, and that's not saying much. BUT—we have still the Tailor to fall back on. So many people fall back on the tailor for different things, that his hide is made of highly compressed rubber from the shock. The Tailor immediately takes your chest measurement regardless of whether you are hav-

ing a tunic or breeches tailored and shouts out some numbers to his assistant, if he has one, who pays no attention but keeps right on reading.

After a wait of two or three days, or weeks, as the case may be, the young soldier is at last in possession of his tunic and breeches, which having been duly tailored, look slightly less like a G. G.B.G. outfit, and a little more like Plus-fours. However he is instructed to put them on at the usual clothing inspection, and he is so struck with his appearance in the mirror before turning out, that he laughs out loud when the S.M.'s critical eye is before him. The S.M. naturally does not see the joke, having no mirror handy, and he immediately begins to find fault with the unfortunate fellow, beginning with his great grandfather, and ending up with the way the lad parts his hair. Among the articles issued by the always over generous Q.M. the young soldier finds what appears to be a coal scuttle, small size, and it is not until he is caught using it to convey coal to the piquet room that he finds out that it is a helmet, much to his astonishment. This helmet causes much worry and loss of hair, as while it looks perfectly alright when on the shelf, immediately it is placed on his head, it takes a sharp list to starboard, which makes the wearer look as if he is walking at the "left shoulder in."

During the next four or five weeks, much time is spent in cleaning kit, being quite inexperienced in the art of making a kit look a lot with very little effort, the young soldier has to experiment at great length and after having a few "trial exposures" on his "whites" with whitewash, white paint, white enamel and common chalk, finally decides that the old reliable white blanco is the best, and al-

tho' he suspected this from the first, he is quite satisfied with the result, and is in no wise disappointed by the fact that his "whites" are about an inch and a half thicker than when he started.

About this time the young soldier is beginning to wonder whether it is worth all the trouble and work to be on an Escort. Of course a fellow does look pretty posh in a red tunic and jack boots—BUT.

However after many more trial exposures exposed to the critical eyes of many higher ups of more exalted ranks, he is at least considered fit to be placed before the public eye, and it will probably rain on the day of the escort anyway.

In conclusion, we give a few tips to the Young Soldier. (So much has been written about the young soldier that it seems rather useless to write anything that has not been written before.)

Don't put too much blanco on your "whites" as the more you put on, the more you have to brush off, your tunic and breeches and the tunic and breeches of the three men on your right and left.

Don't trim your plume too often as you may end up with about an inch and a half of plume, which makes the helmet look rather bald, and above all don't try and get away with the kit of an older soldier who is unfortunate enough to be on the same escort, as he will wisely wait till you have it all cleaned up before he claims it.

The Soldier's Lament

Weird and agonizing are the terrible sounds which burst upon the ears of Canada's unfortunate Army at least four times a day. One of the main peculiarities of this form of torture, which compares with not the least of the Spanish Inquisition's, is the irregularity of its sounding from

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A favorite
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mess!

STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY!

day to day. No man knows when this fearsome noise shall strike his long suffering ear drums. It has been suggested that someone with influence place the matter before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Dumb" has not been included in the above name of Society. It is a waste of time to state known facts.

The British Army has been long known for it's ability to stand up under trying circumstances, but the old tale of a drop of water falling steadily, will wear away a stone, shows and proves not only to us but to the World at large, that the men who fought to keep us with the slogan "Stone Walls or Soldiers" will alas have only stone walls left them. For even the British Army can only stand a certain amount of punishment, and remain inactive Napoleon once said to his bugler-boy, "Sound retreat," but the lad replied "Sire I do not know it" and blew "Charge" instead and won the day.

An aspiring Trumpeter in our Barracks was once ordered to sound "Defaulters" but the lad replied "Sir I do not know it" and he sounded Pay call, the men hearing this, answered to a man but were turned back in defeat, which makes us think that Nap's bugler must had had more influence than ours has.

Even our Veterinary staff are complaining that when "Feed" is sounded it sounds so much like Charge, that the horses bolt their oats and are in imminent danger of colic. We now notice the slowness of the men in answering Pay call" which is the result of it's sounding like "Fatigues."

Something will have to be done about this, as "Fire call" may be mistaken for "As you were" and we will wake up if possible and find the Barracks gutted.

We would suggest, now that every room in Stanley Barracks has a Radio set, that some responsible person should be hired to sound from CKGW, which even with static, caused by electric storms would be much easier to make out, and not so erratic in its timing. "Ed."

APPRECIATION

O SIS thou superior scribe, we wouldn't that we could equal thee

in thy wielding of the pen, Thou striketh us some too gently in Ye Monthly Manuscript. We lamenteth the fact that we tillers of the soil canst turneth not our ploughshares into pens. Albeit we liketh thee in thy gaseous state and laugheth all with one accord at thy exalted wit. We humbly ourselves before thee who are a mighty wielder of the pen. Who hath cast slings, and arrows, of words at thy unfortunate brethren, whose mentality is unequal to thine. We grovelleth in the dust at thy feet, and heapeth coals of fire upon our heads which destroyeth our dandruff.

In thy latest epistle ye didst cast slurs upon ye "Country Squad." Thou didst taketh our name in vain in many places and we liketh it not. For it is written and shalt come to pass that "giveth one enough rope he hangeth himself." Verily doth we pardonth and absolveth thee from thy vile slanders. Yet shouldst thou continue in thy evil ways, yea, surely shalt just retribution follow. AND HOW.

Criticizing War Books

The publication of a book about the war in which the General Staff are slandered and in which various statements are made about various units of the British Forces—including those of the Dominions—that have been strenuously denied by men who ought to know, has served to revive the bitter denunciation of such books by eminent people in many walks of life. The press in particular is not mincing words in its condemnation of unsavoury stories based upon the war.

The daily Mail's comment is pithy:

"With a few honourable exceptions," it says, "such as Mr. Tomlison's 'All Our Yesterdays' and Mr. Blaber's 'Medal Without Bar,' the war novels that have been recently so popular have revealed petty minds in ignoble moods. . . . The writers would not have dared to published falsehoods ten years ago, when they would have had to deal mainly with readers who knew the truth."

John Buchan, the famous historian of the war, in the same newspaper, asserts:

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"Sensational war books, even when accurate in detail, are false in spirit. Similar false impressions could be given of any aspect of civilian life. I regard it as a calamity that such books should be read by young people who have no war experience."

Sir Ian Hamilton goes still farther and urges the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the conduct of the war on the

Western Front, so that these stories of suicides, murders, drunkards, executions, and immorality should not carry on unchecked.

Of one thing there seems to be no doubt at all. In nearly every instance the war books that besmirch the soldier who fought in the trenches while the profiteers remained at home have been written with the certain knowledge that they would attain a large sale and would thus pecuniarily reimburse the author.

STINK FARM

Messines Ridge, July 15

Twass a lovely Summer day
Just down by Stink Farm way
And the Squadron Cooks were getting up the Chow
For "B" is in the trench
And "A" is in reserve
So the brave deserve the fare anyhow.

Says "Duff" to old "Joe Cairns"
As he looked at bacon slim
Which for early morning breakfast
Had been handed out to him.
What the 'ells' the good of that
If we cant get any fat
This ration you are given us
Would starve a blooming Cat.

His plaint was cut so short
By the Hun who just for sport
Laid a barrage on our Cookie's domicile
Old "Tom" made such a leap
To the Dugout fifteen feet
That his feet they never once touched the ground

But in passing through the hole
Of the dug-out like a mole
He never saw the bucket that was there
He just landed in a heap
With the bucket round his feet
And the inmates there, they swore
What do you mean you great big stiff
We'll lick you in a jiff
When you come into this dug out
CLOSE THE DOOR.

Remarkable Story of Spy in Wartime.

Admiralty Secret Agent Has Lunch With Kaiser in Berlin

London.—A British Army officer spy, posing as a German, lunching with the Kaiser and receiving German submarine policy instructions from the Kaiser himself, during the war—such is the extraordinary story put forward in a new book just published.

It is told by Major Thomas Coulson, O.B.E., in "Mata Hari," a sketch of the career of the dancer, a notorious and revolting character who was shot in France as a spy.

The British office is said to have been Captain Reilly, who was afterwards shot by the Bolsheviks when he went to Russia.

"Mr. C."

Reilly, it is said, was employed by the Admiralty secret service run by Admiral Sir Reginald Hall. He was known as "Mr. C." and Major Coulson says that he was "the Admiralty's 'ace' in espionage."

He spoke many languages, and knew Europe like his own hand.

"Reilly's most astounding coup against the Germans reads like a romance," says Major Coulson. It has rarely been equalled, and only excelled by his own later exploits in Russia.

"An order had been sent to German army headquarters to send a responsible officer to receive instructions on naval policy from the Emperor. The man chosen was an unknown junior officer, for the staff had their own ideas concerning responsibility. However, he displayed considerable intelligence and a broad knowledge of naval and military matters during the explanation of the new submarine policy which was laid before him.

"He requested amplification of indefinite points. His alertness and zeal so impressed the seniors that they were convinced that their policy would not be misinterpreted at army headquarters, and the Emperor was so struck by the amiable young officer that he invited him to lunch.

"The visitor to the Kaiser's luncheon-table was 'Mr. C.' the British Admiralty agent.

"How he should have known who was entrusted with the mission I do not pretend to know, but it will look less like a miracle when the reader knows that, during many months of the war, one of Prince Rupprecht's staff majors was a British agent."

Another spy story is about the famous Louise de Bettignies, who was asked to furnish the British with information to locate enemy gun positions near Lille.

Louise was behind the German lines. She had a map drawn, and Major Coulson says that she had a photographic reproduction of it made "the size of a large pin-head."

This pin-head map was stuck on the edge of one of the lenses of a pair of spectacles, which was then replaced in its frame, "and the English were able to undertake one of the most successful counter-battery shoots which marked the war."

WOLFE MONUMENT UNVEIL JUNE 5

Ceremony Performed by Marquis de Montcalm

London.—The Marquis de Montcalm, Wolfe's chivalrous opponent at the battle of Abraham Heights, which won for us Quebec, unveiled the noble monument on June 5 to the memory of General Wolfe, which the Canadian Government presented to the nation.

The monument, which stands at the end of the main avenue running north and south through Greenwich Park, looks from the brow of the hill down on the Royal Naval College.

The great general is depicted at the moment when he decided to attack.

Three days before the actual battle on September 13, 1759, when standing on the South shore of the St. Lawrence at Echmin, he saw through his telescope, the Foulon road, 3,000 yards away, across the river, running up from the Anse de Foulon to the plains above the Heights of Abraham. This spot is now known as Wolfe's Cove, states an interesting article in the Daily Express.

Looks over Thames

Wolfe will stand for generations yet to come, looking out over the Thames, outlined against the skyline to every ship that sails up

and down the Thames.

His right hand holds the telescope, which he has lowered after making his momentous decision. His left rests on his hip, he looks right ahead, eyes on the Heights of Abraham. His uniform is the familiar three-cornered hat, tunic long and full, knee breeches, gaiters; stick, ruff, short sword in scabbard and a military cloak and cape thrown over his shoulders.

The site of the monument is the best that could possibly be found. For not far off is Macartney House, where his father and mother lived and died, where he came back as a soldier to see his parents when on leave, and where with pride and sorrow his remains were brought back to lie in state from the scene of his triumph, to be buried in the family vault of St. Alphege's at the bottom of Croom's Hill.

The Canadian Government have been at great pains to get a faithful portrait of the hero.

The idea of the statue was first considered over twenty years ago, and the late High Commissioner for Canada, the Hon. Peter Larkin,

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was a moving spirit in its inception and completion.

PRESERVE THE COUNTRY'S FORTS FROM DESTRUCTION

There is a certain amount of romance attached to old forts, the older the better, and it is well to cultivate that sentiment in this material age. Toronto is not the only place with a fort in a condition of neglect which is resented by thoughtful citizens. By a strange coincidence similar protests on similar grounds have arisen in a half dozen other places in Canada. Fort Henry built at Kingston after the war of 1812, has many interesting historical associations but the stone walls are crumbling into ruins. A movement is now on foot to restore this and other historic spots around Kingston. The people of Edmonton regret that they allowed old Fort Edmonton to be destroyed so recently as in 1915. It was built originally 135 years ago and the last of the buildings that composed the fort was torn down to make room for the site of the New Parliament buildings. The chief timbers, how-

ever., were preserved and Premier Brownlee announced recently in the Legislature that the Government intended to rebuild a duplicate of the old fort and to use it as the basis of a provincial museum. He added that the "Bad Lands" of the Red Deer valley, from which so many mammoth fossil specimens have been removed in late years, would also be taken under the protection of the Government of Alberta. It has been a matter for regret that the people of Winnipeg did not realize the historical value of old Fort Garry and allowed it to be destroyed. We believe, however, that the places which still have forts, even if they are in ruins, are awakening to their importance. That sentiment should be cultivated and capitalized and the most made out of it especially in the city of Toronto.

Toronto Billard Tournament.

The team which went down to play the St. Johns Mens Club at Toronto were again successful in retaining possession of the Billiard Trophy which they won last

year. Although the Barracks team won, it was only by a close score, and we were in danger of losing up to the last game.

The features of the Tournament were the victory of Pte. Turnbull The R.C.R. over Mr. Smith of the St. Johns Mens Club by one point, after being 25 behind when his opponent was 99, he ran out with a break of 26. Tpr. Butler practically won for the Barracks team, when he defeated Mr. Mason by the score of 100 to 59.

The full scores are given below.

Stanley Barracks:

Pte. Burke, R.C.R.	100
Tpr. Madden R.C.D.	100
Pte. Turnbull, R.C.R.	100
Tpr. Jenkinson, R.C.D.	100
Tpr. Butler, R.C.D.	100
Tpr. Campbell, R.C.D.	56
	556

St. Johns Mens Club:

Mr. Littley	88
Mr. Jordan	94
Mr. Smith	99
Mr. Blundell	88
Mr. Mason	59
Mr. Thorpe	100
	428

THE HEROINE OF A GREAT NAVAL VICTORY

The British naval victory over the Germans off the Falkland Islands in December, 1914 avenged the defeat in the Pacific two months earlier, and great was the renown of it. But a contributory incident of which little was heard has been recalled by the arrival in London of one of the officials of the Falkland Islands Company, Mr. Creamer, accompanied by his wife.

"On December 8, 1914," Mr. Creamer said, "my wife was at home in her farmstead at Fitzroy, with her three children, two maids and a boy servant. Her maids reported to her that they had seen from a hill nearby three German ships making for Fitzroy. These were the Baden and Santa Isabel. The third vessel is believed to have been the Seidlitz—either a hospital ship or a transport. She immediately ordered the maids to saddle two horses and to rike in relays to the top of the hill and report to her every few minutes the ship's movements. Meanwhile she telephoned to the authorities Stanley, and her reports

rushed to Admiral Sturdee. She sat there for four hours, with her baby boy in her arms, while her messages directed the movements of Bristol and of the armed liner Macedonia, which set out in pursuit of the Germans. The enemy tried to steam at full speed for safety, but the information which reached Admiral Sturdee minute by minute enabled the Bristol to follow them. In a few hours Bristol and Macedonia had caught and sunk the Baden and the Santa Isabel. The third ship escaped. It has sometimes been said that the ships she sighted were the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Nurnberg, Leipzig and Dresden, but that is incorrect."

In recognition of their services, the admiralty presented Mrs. Creamer with a silver salver and the two maidens with silver tea-pots.

Kindness First

"What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"
"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

A Shocker a Day Keeps the Sheriff
Away

Regular Customer:—(to bookstall clerk)—"Here, boy! you've given me a yesterday's Edgar Wallace."



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